JOHNNY BOUQUET'S WALKS.

NAMES OF NOTE, NEW AND OLD.

CHARLES NORDHOFF ON MONEY-MAKING—MARK TWAIN'S GRIP ON THE GOLDEN SHEKELS—EDISON AND THE MYSTERIES OF MENLO PARK—LADY MACDONALD IN NEW-YORK—EDGAR ALLAN POE AND HIS WORKS—REMINISCENCES OF CLAPP, O'BRIEN, AND THE OLD BOHEMIANS OF NEW-YORK.

The oysters and flowers are dear, and I'm thinking of going out of the bouquet business. If this here literature was as reliable as begging I think I might stick to it. But the first man that ever took it up in America had the experience of all his successors—I mean Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist, of Philadelphia. He wrote in 1800:

"Book-making is the dullest of all trades, and the most that any American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed for his unavoidable expenses. The salability of my works will much depend upon their popularity in England."

How different it was with Mr. Brown's Quaker friends, the Lea Brothers, one of whom went into the flower business, and the other into geology, and both became rich, and their progeny is a rich publisher. No, I will grow hyacinths under glass and not brains under a bad hat. I asked my friend, Charles Nordhoff, some time ago—whose beautiful wife often gets a bouquet—how it was that all the authors were poor and all the publishers were rich.

"Johnny," said he, "it's like this. An author writes one book and makes but little profit; a publisher gets a little profit on a great many books."

Do you know the secret of that man Nordhoff's success? Don't give it away, but I'll tell you! When he was a poor fellow, working in a Western newspaper office, I think, the Methodists were kind to him and he became a Methodist, and that Church has its way of throwing its arms around a fellow and whooping him along, and religion and prosperity have a great deal to do with each other.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW IDEA.

The most successful author is Mark Twain, but I never can get a nosegay off on him—he has become so fond of his money. He said to me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel one day this week: "Johnny, manage your pen well and it will do tolerably well by you. I have made $125,000 by writing books. By lecturing and writing plays as well as by my books I have made $250,000."

A deep gloom spread over his face, and he took a free smell of my posies and said, in his deep subterranean, drawling voice from that sardonic Hebraic face:

"Johnny, it might just as well have been $400,000! Just as well!"

That sigh he heaved might have come from Barabbas when Pilate let him go, and he repeated, "Just as well, Johnny Bouquet."

I pinned upon his coat a Marechal Neil rose.

"Allow me to decorate the one prosperous author I have found—who succeeded where Tasso and Camoens and Cervantes failed, owing to the superior taste of his time and countrymen!"

"O ho! ho!" exclaimed Mr. Clemens, inwardly, looking up and down and around at nothing, deeply amused. "Haven't I got 'em?"

"Not the jams, I hope"—for it was at the bar.

"No, no, no!" he rumbled, in his rather leer depths. "I've got the Publishers where the hair's short. I'm going to have *all* my money—all, all! The whole four hundred thousand! I have paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to know how. Draw near, industrious slave, and learn the precious lesson, and lay it to thy heart! I mean to be my own publisher hereafter. Instead of letting them pay me commissions for selling my books, I shall pay them a slight commission for doing it, and take the lion's share. That is the idea that will revolutionize American letters, and make a poor author preposterous!"

Never did I see a countenance so transfigured. A golden gleam was in his black Shemitic eyes, as if the miser and the Bohemian had met each other there and the Bohemian had got the worst of it and given up his pocketbook. Yet what a sideling, drawling power and intensity the man had—his stomatic and nasal tones seeming less profound than his intensity. Here is a man, I thought, with a reputation for lightness but a character for strength, who has discovered himself late in life, like Ethan Brand when he mastered the secret of the unforgiven sin, saying: "It is here, here!"

"Yes, pedler of petals, prodigal of stamens, thou happy, careless, unacquisitive child! I have completed a novel, a serious tale, and I am having the plates made myself. I do all my writing in the summer, up at our country place on the hills of New-York. The last of the year I shall give to business. Tell all your friends to publish for themselves. Make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and go, go! Ha, ha!"

He said that Mrs. Stowe, his neighbor at Hartford, wrote no more, being now sixty-nine years old, and her husband, still living, being seventy-nine; but the profits of her great novel gave them a good home and substance for old age. At forty she wrote the wonder book, a negro for its muse, which sold 400,000 copies, and half a million in England, and was read like the Arabian Nights in the language and at the camps of the desert. At that time Mark Twain, whose father was Virginian and his mother from Kentucky, and he born on the slave soil of Missouri, may have looked upon Mrs. Stowe as a wild, wilful fiend, and now they are as snug and squat together as the woman in Paradise and the jumping frog.

THE GENIUS OF CHAINED LIGHTNING.

There was another genius I talked to last week, Edison, whom o'erhasty reaction has been calling a humbug. There is a law that all stimulation shall be followed by an equal relapse, and excessive praise of any new fame has its recoil, till finally the level of justice is found and kept. All honest contemporaries of a marvellous man desire to be on record as not against him, at least, even if not enthusiastic. Learning is vain and hates to be corrected. Here is a man who has done what Galileo and Solomon de Caus irreverently did, made pedantry and dogma a fool. Professor Tyndall said the electric light could not be separated, and I have seen during the present week people looking at the divided, the obedient flame, unable to protest further, yet with rage in their faces. There it was, and it mortified their consistency; and so precious is charity that they could not say frankly, "You were brave and great, and we were ignorant." What an extorted yet noble prayer was that of old: "Lord, help mine unbelief."

Still, to be also charitable to Edison's critics, he and accident have somewhat tried their patience. His phonograph, the greatest miracle that ever spoke since Adam heard the echoes of his own voice, was not applied to any of the uses expected. It is complete as a fresh-laid egg, but the world cried: "How about those puddings and omelets and egg-nogs it was going to turn out?" Next his telephone; the Western Union Company sold it out and consolidated with the Bell Company, and the public got the idea that Edison's powerful stockholders had forced the bargain and palmed off the weaker on the better instrument. On this Edison said to me last Wednesday night: "I received nothing much in America for the telephone. Mr. Orton was pretty hard with me, and I knew nothing then about business, but from Europe I have received $300,000, and my share there is $400,000. Everywhere the Edison telephone is used to transmit and the Bell telephone to receive the sounds."

His London agent brought him $75,000 in one check. He put $42,000 of the money in his lamp factory, took his assistants into the partnership and they will have invested in a few months $200,000 in that part of the business alone. He has sold only twelve out of his 2,400 shares in the Light Company, getting $1,000 apiece though he gave shares to his staff—Dr. Moses, the library-hunter, Professor Upton, the electrical mathematician, Clark, the electrical railway scientist, and Bachelor and Johnson, his practical men. They stand together like David and Jonathan in a friendship like that of Jupiter and the lesser gods. These thunder-sellers have their mythology and amours, as Mercury and Pluto had.

Next, Edison's fame was injured by putting his name and indorsement to a patent medicine. The [illegible] was that a good while ago, he had a face trouble and cured it himself with some simple preparation, and after he became somewhat notorious, but was poor, a fellow heard of the recipe and offered him $1,500 for it, with a letter. This was not the Edison we see now, but the Edison that was trying to be. Tom Campbell put his name to many an unworthy poem for something to eat.

Finally, the electric light being too much exploited in the press and thrown into speculation, and being not a light only, but a system of infinite parts and pieces—made not only to burn, but to burn and pay and be measured off and created into a commercial system—excited incredulity because it was not brought forward, and as it menaces $30,000,000 in gas stock at par in our two cities of New-York and Brooklyn, and $1,500,000,000 in the world, which every other inventor wants a slice of, there has arisen in places a positive hate of Edison, as if he were at once a robber, a charlatan, and a Bohemian. Such is always the penalty of the discoverer; Columbus's chains were a part of his pay. All the money in this world is not worth one gallant searcher, but this man will be, in my day, one of the very rich men of the world Watt, Arkwright and Morse will have been but plainly rewarded beside him.

I went to Menlo Park last Wednesday in great company, in disguise. I sank the shop, sold out my carnations and went as a guide to Lady Macdonald, whose husband is Prime Minister of Canada, and who moulded the Dominion Government with the motto: "Let there be no looking to Washington!" The niece of the Canadian Superintendent of Education, Miss Beatty, was the other lady. A queer kind of a lawyer went along to see that I did not relapse into my old habits and introduce the bouquet subject.

A LADY AND A WIZARD.

Lady Macdonald came to New-York to have Dr. Sayre treat her only son. She is a large, strong, hearty lady, said to be as good a politician as her husband, and I suspect to be of Scotch extraction like him. There is a considerable Canadian element in New-York in the higher circles; for the girls all love it, and even the Premier's wife, looking out on the Hudson River, said: "Isn't everything superb! Oh! I feel as if I wanted to go everywhere here."

I had not seen Edison for three or four years, when, as we stepped off the train, he appeared, in every point of view improved. His face is fleshier, his eyes merry as ever, but with the lights of experience; his clothes are now good and he wears a silk hat of wide, public man's brim, which becomes him well.

"My fellow tramp," said I, "don't give me away! We are up in the world."

"Yes, Johnny," said Tom, "a little money is the best balance-wheel. But, thank God! I don't worship it yet. I remember ten years ago I had to walk the streets of New-York all night—I had just come from Boston—because I hadn't the price of a bed, and in the morning nothing to buy breakfast; so I went into a large grocery store as if I was a tea buyer for some country house and they gave me a sample, and for that sample a poor woman gave me my breakfast. Two weeks afterward I was getting $2,000 a year, and now, Johnny, think of it, I'm to occupy a whole house on Fifth-ave."

"And leave Menlo Park?"

"No, it will be my home and lodging, but I am going to close the work-shop and laboratory, keep only a few of the men here, and direct the business office on Fifth-ave. My work is done, my light perfected, and I am going into the practical production of it."

"Are you fit for business, Tom?"

"I never tried till I found I had to. For two years past I have been making myself fit for business. Applause and industry are well enough, but a man mustn't be a fool."

We walked up the steep flight of steps from the station, and the ladies exclaimed: "Oh, isn't it beautiful!"

For the extent of a large farm of 300 to 500 acres long lines of street lamps, ran over the open and undulating country, in all more than 700, and they gave an illumination that seemed to tint the very heavens; and up on the hill tops nearer us some twenty houses and one long factory, and the lines of the streets and paths were brilliant as a magician's palace. Not a ray of this pleasing light offended the eye, which could look upon it long and closely, and each lamp was seen to be, as we passed underneath, a crystal shell or bulb, shaped like a large pear, in which was a white magnet of light like a woman's hairpin, and no thicker.

"Aren't you ashamed to burn all those lamps for nothing, Tom?"

"They don't cost much, Johnny. But to get things where they are has cost $180,000. My payroll in the laboratory has been $1,400 a week for a good while back, though neither I nor my chief man take any pay. This illumination is to test the cost and the area that can be covered by a given force."

We entered Edison's house in perpetual illumination, the grounds, the long post porch, the hall in the middle and the parlor on the left, the drawing-room on the right and the broad stairway ahead. Taste, great comfort, yet simplicity were all around. Mrs. Edison is a very pretty woman of large, fine figure, and her only daughter came in and spoke to us all prettily, and one of the two boys looked like his father. Mrs. Edison's sister has charge of the long table. Edison eats only one dish at a meal, sits only six minutes, has little to do with meat, and his favorite dish is apple pie and milk. Lady Macdonald went around turning the lamps off and on, and surprised to see them light themselves, and saying "Wonderful! wonderful!" "Won't you give me one to take home to Sir John?" she asked, and it was wrapped up for her after we reached the laboratory. Edison was thirty-four years old last Friday week, February 11. That day, while talking intricate business details, he suddenly remembered, wrote his name and age and added the following verse from memory and gave it to a friend:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

OLD BOHEMIANS OF NEW-YORK.

William Winter, spared to be their Southey, has made a monument to the Bohemians of New-York in his Life and Works of Fitz-James O'Brien.

The Bohemians were a cuddle of young fellows who aspired to make New-York the Parisian centre of light letters and criticism for America between 1850 and 1862. Fitz-James O'Brien was the most talented, William Winter the most reverent and sincere, Walt Whitman the most comprehensive and epic quantity in the lot. Boston, at last, celebrates her interment of the whole school by publishing kindly books to Arnold, and to O'Brien, and to Winter. An outside member of the party, Charles G. Halpine, has also become embalmed in a volume. I wonder that the Harpers did not collect and illustrate O'Brien's pieces and make a fine holiday book of them, as they contain much of the genius of Christmas and New Year and bear comparison to Edgar A. Poe's works, which have long given a living to one publisher here.

THE NEWS KILLS BOHEMIA.

The Bohemians were rather on their last legs when I fell in with them about 1864-'66. O'Brien had been killed, Wilkins, Wood and Neill were dead, Arnold soon died, Ada Clare was dying, old Henry Clapp was a ruin, and not a large one, Shepherd lived precariously, and the rest had either disappeared or gone at something practical. The fact was that the civil war, destroying almost all old combinations, scattered the Bohemians and put the newspapers in place of the story and feuilleton papers. In those days there were half a dozen literary papers in New-York—*Harper's Weekly, Round Table, Home Journal, Leader, Citizen, Saturday Press, Musical Review* and others I forget. Money exerted in any line will produce talent and market to correspond; in that case the money was soon withdrawn and applied to the collection of war and business news, where it has ever since remained, although signs increase of literary necessities in our daily papers, particularly in their large Sunday issues.

Most of the Bohemians had no capacity for hard or continuous work, consorting together and drinking slew them one by one, and left the survivors in altered and orthodox modes of thought. Among the Bohemians who have ceased to be so are Mr. Winter, Frank Bellew, the artist, Ed. House, Olive Logan, Augustin Daly and the now domesticated and optimistic Whitman. A few others, like Stedman and Aldrich, had too much sense of a family and social sort to do more than peep in where old Henry Clapp regularly sat in complacent egotism, tinged with personal dislikes, administering a very little and a very seedy world, and swearing he would shut it against this one and that.

CLAPP.

He was always running out of real Bohemians, and drawing on their parasites in business or friendship to sit and hear him, and so he dropped into actual want and pauperhood, which I always regarded as the deserved result of his ruining so many bright men, on whom, while professing to be the patron, he had generally been the sponge. What comparison ever existed between old Clapp and Fitz-James O'Brien; the one blowing bugle-notes of clear English poetry or fancies from a sprite-inhabited heart, the other chiefly dirty pipe smoke and philippic?

In literature, however humble, the right of way belongs to the creative spirit, not to the small critic, and old Clapp's notion of Bohemianism was something in which others should support him. Like another coincident humbug, who was going to reorganize society without any "tyranny," he proposed to be the centre and drone of the hive, but to impregnate everything, and he generally debauched the graceful and the weak. Mr. Winter will not be able to lift up the ruins of that old edifice in the cellar and make them pure, though he has cleansed the intellect of Arnold and O'Brien, who had, like him, the sense of conscience and of good, and it broke forth even in remorse. Had they assembled in some purer temple, and drawn strength and counsel from each other, and confidence from broad intercourse with American gentlemen and homes, these fragments of a wasted fire might have started some engines of creative literature among us.

Necessity is no injury to literary production, but the necessity for drink and idle communication is always so, and next to drink nothing was ever seen so dissipating to serious creative labor as talk, and this was the great prescription of old Clapp. He drew men of convivial fancies and glimmering fame together, and orated and glorified himself, and incidentally them. No man he would abide who was not his listener and flatterer. He might have been O'Brien's character of Herr Hippe the Wondersmith, who gave all the Christmas toys souls out of a bottle, "bitter as hemlock or scorching as the lightning."

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

The writings of O'Brien, like those of Poe, are in great part personations of his remorse and sense of a better wish. I observe that Rufus Griswold, a literary parasite of Poe's day, says of him: "Probably there is not another instance in literature in which so much has been accomplished without a recognition or a manifestation of conscience," but the short story of "William Wilson" I take to be a depiction of Poe's own conscience—born the same day and hour, named the same name, detected at the same school, the monitor and reprover of all his earlier self, and then trampled out by vice till at one moment of supreme disgrace it stalks in again and lays its cloak upon him and at last stabbed by the castaway it haunts, dies in the presence of himself, saying: "Henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the world, to Heaven and to Hope! In me thou didst exist—and in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself." Poe's writings are eloquent of remorse, which is the cry of conscience; that he was unprincipled is true, but that was a deterioration of selfishness, not the absence of moral sense.

I took Fitz-James O'Brien's works and read them yesterday, lying down, coincidently with Poe's tales, of which I have the edition he saw them in first—that of 1840. The poetry of O'Brien is his best work; it has little of the effeminacy of magazine poetry now, when the printed tile and the fan, and a few words of botany or society are strung along a rhythm and made to jingle once and be jingled no second time. The manly, strident, element, in O'Brien's verse is one which no refinement of new words can supplant, as where he describes Doctor Kane gone to Cuba to die of consumption after piercing nearly to the pole.

> Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,
> Drifts from the white North to a tropic zone,
> And in the burning day
> Wastes peak by peak away,
> Till on some rosy even
> It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
> Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,
> And melted into heaven!

This is an instance of a noble theme awakening noble mental powers; suppose it had been a glass of beer or a mistress at her beer.

General Halpine drew his chord from O'Brien's lyre, or the same Celtic temperament produced nearly the same tones. Halpine wrote half a dozen good things and then drowned himself in pleasure and slum politics. This man O'Brien was a builder, and I do not gather from Mr. Winter's sketch that any of these more enduring models were ever published in Clapp's paper, but almost all of them were sent to a solvent publication conducted on business principles. Surely a spirit like this was worth leasing and lifting out of the beer parlor, and sent into healthy solitudes somewhere to browse and neigh divinely.

JOHNNY BOUQUET.

The Conservatory, Feb. 19, 1881.

THE BUTCHER BIRD.

From The Albany Journal.

At the last meeting of the Institute Mr. Verplanck Colvin said that it might not be inappropriate, at this time, to inform the Institute that the English sparrow—which has such an evil reputation as a breaker of bird's eggs—seems at length to have met with a destroyer, who, if encouraged, may put an end to the little pests, or at least so diminish their numbers as to render them few and less annoying.

This enemy of the sparrow has made its appearance within the limits of the City of Albany. It is the quick, bright-eyed, vigorous and rare bird known as the Shrike or Northern butcher bird (*Collurio Borealis*, VICILL) from his habit of keeping his dead prey in a sort of miniature meat market.

Mr. Colvin stated that a few days since, while engaged in writing, he heard a great outcry and disturbance among the sparrows, and his attention was immediately called to a tragical scene being enacted upon the snow in the garden without.

A bird, in size and appearance resembling a mocking bird, but of more vigorous movement, had savagely seized upon a sparrow, thrown it upon the snow, and—standing upon the sparrow's back—delivered with its beak a rapid series of blows at the base of the brain of the sparrow, which ceased to struggle in a few moments.

The butcher-bird—for he it was—having made sure of the death of the sparrow, seized upon it and flew rapidly away.

A few days afterward the shrike came again and killed other sparrows, and, becoming emboldened, at length located his "Meat Market" in the garden, with an evident and laudable intention of making thorough work with the sparrows.

The butcher-bird now became so bold that it was possible to follow him around and notice his habits and methods. It has been said to be the habit of this bird to use the large thorns of the thorn-bush for the purpose of impaling its collections of dead birds and insects; it was now, therefore, closely watched to see what it would do where there were no thorn bushes.

It was observed to seize upon and destroy a sparrow, carrying it away into a tree. Soon it came back and captured another sparrow, killed it and carried it off to a distant portion of the garden—which is large and filled with trees. Anxious to more closely observe its methods, Mr. Colvin brought an opera glass to bear upon the bird. Some plum trees growing in the garden possessed sharp spines almost equal to thorns, and it seemed possible that the butcher-bird might endeavor to impale the dead bird on these thorns. The thorns were too dull, however, but the bird was certainly far from dull, and quite equal to the occasion, for, choosing a tree in which the small, stiff twigs separated at a narrow angle, in sets of three, he would deftly punch his sparrow between the twigs, springing them apart so that the dead bird was held tightly; thus, with his neatly-arranged little market of sparrows, showing himself fully entitled to his name of "butcher-bird."

He was bold, also, in defence of his property; and when too closely approached by the observer with his field glass, would bend forward on his perch, defiantly, only eight or ten feet off, but if too closely approached, would commence to carry away his sparrows to some more elevated tree, where he would arrange them safely in other tripod crotches among the twigs. His methods were very interesting, but he at length ate up nearly all the sparrows—or frightened them away—and has himself not been seen for some days, being probably in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

MORE USES FOR CARBOLIC ACID.—According to *The London Lancet*, the use of carbolic acid has been found specially effective in all that class of local festering, pustulating diseases of the skin which are at once so common and so difficult to cure; they include all kinds of pustules, boils and carbuncles, sycosis, pustular acne, and festering ringworm; such strumous sores, especially of the neck, as come under the care of the physician; also phthisis in its second and third stages, and cases of bronchitis accompanied with more or less purulent expectoration. It is found, however, that, in order to be efficacious, the carbolic acid must be brought into contact with the part to be acted on, and *The Lancet* says that in many cases where the acid has been found ineffective, the failure has been due to a neglect to insure this contact.

HOME INTERESTS.

MARKETS IN A TRANSITION STATE.

THE FAG END OF THE WINTER—VEGETABLES LOSING THEIR FLAVOR—FIELD SALADS ACCORDING TO MURRAY—SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

A visit to the New-York markets at this season of the year and during the universal thaw is by no means inspiring. Drearier, more forlornly dismal places than our dirty, unkept markets would be hard to find; and doubly dreary to the mind of the downtrodden New-York citizen is the reflection that there is no hope of a change. How to discover any thing new or interesting in the midst of such chaos becomes a problem to the purchaser and reporter. The vegetable stands are making a vain and frantic effort to "stick up a bit," to use Brother Johnathan's expression; but the effort, though commendable and interesting, results only in an evident and miserable veneer of fresh greens, for one cannot escape the odor of decaying vegetables and general uncleanliness. Old potatoes are now selling for [illegible]0 cents per peck, and it is a difficult matter to get good ones, as many of them have been frosted. Bermuda potatoes have been in the market now for two weeks, but though they are more palatable than the old potatoes, they are by no means wholesome food as yet. Bermuda potatoes sell at 50 and 60 cents per half peck; sweet potatoes are 40 and 50 cents per peck; celery is selling in the markets for 15 cents per bunch, uptown dealers charging 20 cents for a much inferior article; hot-house lettuce is 10 and 15 cents per head; cucumbers are 25 and 30 cents apiece; oyster plant 15 cents per bunch; winter beets and turnips are 20 cents per peck. These winter vegetables are losing their flavor, and housekeepers are consequently abandoning them and resorting to the canned vegetables. Onions are 40 and 50 cents per peck; cranberries are still very fine and selling at 15 cents per quart; hot-house tomatoes are 35 and 40 cents per quart; mushrooms 75 cents per pound; rhubarb from 10 to 15 cents per bunch, watercress 15 cents per quart; fresh dandelion $1 per peck. Americans as a rule have not learned the virtues of the weeds that grow about them. Dandelion, especially in the country, is an inexpensive and desirable addition to the table. After picking off the withered tips and hard parts and washing them free from grit, the leaves should be shredded into strips and put into a stewpan with a little bacon and a tablespoonful of vinegar; cover them with a small quantity of boiling water, and stew until tender. Mash with a spoon; stir in a lump of butter; flavor with pepper and salt, and serve like spinach. The dish may be garnished with hard boiled eggs, bits of fried bread, or slices of boiled carrot cut in shapes. It is excellent as a garnish for poached eggs.

Murray gives a list of weeds common to this country and particularly good as greens, among which are "milk-weed," "fat-hen," "ox-tongue," "sea-holly," "sea beet," "shepherd's purse," sow thistle," "stinging nettle," Solomon's seal," and "lamb's quarter." Once tried, these weeds would no doubt be much sought after.

Poultry is plentiful and prices are not high. Turkeys range from 15 to 20 cents per pound; Philadelphia chickens are 20 and 22 cents per pound; other and inferior varieties sell at 14 and 16 cents; fowls are selling from 13 to 16 cents per pound; geese, from 16 to 18 cents; ducks, from New-Jersey, from 20 to 22 cents per pound; capons, from 23 to 26 cents; young chickens, for broiling, are selling from $1 to $1 50 per pair. There is, of course, very little game in market, and the prices are very high; canvass-back ducks are $3 per pair; redheads, $1 75; mallards, $1 25; teal duck, from 75 cents to $1 per pair; common ducks, 75 cents: wild turkeys are selling from 18 to 20 cents per pound; Philadelphia squab, from $5 to $6 per dozen; pigeons, $4 per dozen; tame pigeons, from $2 to $2 50; frozen snipe, from $4 to $5 per dozen.

The bad weather has made fish very scarce; lobsters are reported to be exceedingly scarce. Striped bass are the most plentiful, as the catch under the ice during the past winter has been unprecedentedly large. These fish have been unusually large, and very fine, and are selling from 15 to 25 cents per pound; smelts are 15 cents, Canadian smelts are 10 cents per pound; bluefish, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents; refrigerated salmon from 35 to 45 cents; mackerel, 15 cents per pound; soft clams from 40 cents to $1 per hundred; shad from the South, 30 cents per pound; white perch, 15 cents; Spanish mackerel, 35 cents; green turtle scarce, 30 cents per pound; terrapin, $36 per per dozen; frostfish, 10 cents per pound; halibut 15 cents; haddock, 10 cents; codfish, 8 cents; scollops, 38 cents per quart; blackfish, 15 cents per pound; flounders, 10 cents; seabass, 20 cents; eels, 18 cents per pound; sheepshead, 25 cents; whitefish, fresh water, 16 cents per pound; pickerel, 15 cents; salmon trout, 16 cents; black bass, 18 cents; red snappers, 18 cents; hard crabs are $3 per hundred.

Eggs are growing more plentiful and housekeepers rejoice at the decline in prices. The rates have fallen as low as 40 cents per dozen. Good butter is hard to find and the prices for best quality remain at the old figures—50 and 55 cents per pound.

MENU.

Julienne Soup.
Whitefish fried in Filets.
Fricandeau aux Epinards—Mashed Potatoes.
Chicken Mayonnaise.
Cheese. Wafers.
Lemon Tart.
Fruit Glace.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

LEMON PIE.—E. C. H. writes that she has lost the recipe for a delicious lemon pie given last year by this department. She valued it highly, and wishes to replace it. This recipe, with the best of the others printed during the past year, will be published this week in a handsome pamphlet as TRIBUNE EXTRA No. 64. The matter has all been carefully revised and contains not only the recipes but the bills of fare given from week to week in this column. Housekeepers who know the hardships of conjuring up varied dinners will rejoice over the possession of so practical an assistant.

ASPARAGUS WITH EGGS.—This dainty luncheon-dish is made of whatever asparagus may be left over from the previous day. Supposing there are a dozen heads of asparagus, cut the green part into pieces the size of peas, melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of cream or milk, a tablespoonful of gravy, a little pepper and salt and three well-beaten eggs. Throw in the asparagus, stir the eggs quickly over the fire for half a minute till they are set, and pour the mixture neatly upon slices of bread which have been dipped in boiling water and buttered.

JULIENNE SOUP.—To make this soup, cut carrot, potato, turnip and celery root into neat bits or pretty shapes and fry them thoroughly in butter, partly boiling them first if old and tough. Add them to some clear soup just before serving.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.—Grate eight ounces of vanilla chocolate into a stew pan with eight ounces of sugar, eight yolks of eggs, and a pint of cream; stir over the fire until it begins to thicken, and the yolks of the eggs are set but not curdled; strain with pressure into a basin; add half a pint of whipped cream, and an ounce and a half of clarified isinglass, mix all well together, and pour into a mould previously imbedded in rough ice to receive it.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Sweeten a pint of thick cream with white sugar, grate in the peel of one lemon; whip it to a froth; pour a pint of thick cream into a china dish, lay sponge cake in thin slices over it lightly, then a layer of some kind of jelly, then pour the whipped cream on top and pour what remains into the bottom of the dish. Garnish the rim with sweetmeats.

TO RECOOK COLD TURKEY.—Cut up the remains of a turkey in small pieces. Add to this a half pint or more of good high flavored oysters, cut in pieces. Strew the bottom of a deep dish with cracker crumbs, cover with a layer of turkey and a layer of oysters, add a very little salt, cayenne pepper and mace. Repeat until the turkey and oysters are used up. Add a little liquor from the oysters and set them in the oven for twenty minutes, then add more oyster liquor, an egg beaten, a few small lumps of butter, some cracker crumbs and a grate of nutmeg. Let it brown nicely.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter of one pint of milk, three eggs, a little salt and a pint of flour, with a teaspoonful of Royal baking powder. Use canned pineapple. Divide the slices into small triangular pieces, dip each in the batter, and fry to a golden brown color in plenty of boiling lard. Dish them on a folded napkin, sprinkle them lightly with powdered sugar, and serve them as quickly as possible. Send to table with them, in tureen, a sauce made as follows: Strain the pineapple juice which will be left in the tin into a small enamelled saucepan, and add to it the juice of half a lemon, a wineglassful of white wine and teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Bring this to boiling point, and thicken to the consistency of thin cream with arrowroot, mixed with a little cold water. If preferred, the pine may be minced and mixed with the batter.

FRUIT GLACE.—Make a syrup of a cup of water, a cup of granulated sugar and the juice of one lemon. Boil half an hour, never stirring, in a little porcelain-lined kettle. Put a little of the syrup into a saucer of cold water to see if it is hard and brittle. If so, pour all the syrup into a small dish and set it in a pan of boiling water to keep it liquid. Dip into it cherries, grapes, cherry currants, slices of citron, or any other fruit, coat them thoroughly with the syrup and place them on a buttered paper or dish to harden the glacé. Oranges are very nice divided into their natural sections, impaled on a skewer and thus iced. Any fruit which has not a stem should be dipped into the hot syrup by means of a skewer in order to save the fingers and coat the fruit thoroughly. Neat slices of ripe peaches are good thus iced; and so are walnuts. This makes a pretty and cheap dessert. It only takes a little time in preparation.

TEA-TALES.

From The London Globe.

The Russian gentlemen drink their tea out of glasses; the ladies out of china. There is an amusing legend attached to this custom. The first teacups (for Russia) were made at Cronstadt, with a view of that city at the bottom of the cup. It often happened that the proprietors of the cafés did not make the tea so black as was desirable, from motives of economy, and a transparent liquor was the result. Whereupon a waggish customer summoned the proprietor, and, pointing to his cup, exclaimed: "I see Cronstadt." The saying passed into a proverb, and so to prevent their customers "seeing Cronstadt" any more, glasses were introduced, at the bottom of which they could see nothing.

No article on tea could omit mention of Dr. Johnson and his great partiality for that beverage. In his review of Hanway's "Tea and its Pernicious Consequences," he proclaims himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnights, and with tea welcomes the morning." "Bozzy" says that he supposes no one ever enjoyed with more relish the fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities he drank of it at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. It is related of him, but not by Boswell, that whilst on his Scotch tour, the Dowager Lady Macleod, having repeatedly helped him, until she had poured out sixteen cups, then asked him if a small basin would not be more agreeable, and save him trouble. "I wonder, madam," he answered roughly, "why all the ladies should ask me such questions. It is to save themselves trouble, madam, and not me." On another occasion he said: "What a delightful beverage must that be that pleases all palates at a time when they can take nothing else at breakfast." Croker mentions that the doctor's tea-pot held two quarts.

Five o'clock tea is by no means a modern invention. It is of Swiss origin, and is mentioned in the "Almanach des Gourmands." "About 5 o'clock in the evening the lady of the house makes herself in the middle of the drawing-room some very strong tea, softened by a few drops of rich cream; slices of bread and butter are served with it. Such is the Swiss tea in all its simplicity; but in rich houses there are added cakes, preserved fruits, and even ices. It is served every day, and it is the only meal to which strangers are invited." The well-known stinginess of the Swiss renders this extremely probable. It is to be hoped that the tea was better in those days than it is now, or a short time ago. One shudders on recalling to mind the appalling mixture contained in the hotel teapots.

Let us end with a statement of Balzac's. We cannot pretend to know whence he derived it. The English Government (date not mentioned) allowed three criminals, condemned to death, to choose between being hung, or to live exclusively on tea, coffee, or chocolate, without adding any other nourishment whatever, or being permitted to drink any other liquid. They accepted and drew lots for the drink. The one who lived on chocolate died in eight months. The one who lived on coffee lasted two years. But the man of tea enjoyed existence for three years. Balzac adds details of the particular way in which each died; but they would hardly be welcome at the dinner or breakfast table.

GOETHE AS A FREEMASON.

From The London Globe.

Herr Pietsch, of Leipzig, has just published a full and annotated edition of his interesting essay on Goethe as a Freemason ("Johann Wolfgang von Goethe als Freimauer") which he delivered as a festival oration at the Goethe-Centenary, on June 23, 1880. Very few persons, even amongst Goethe's biographers, knew that the great poet belonged to the order; and even the few who were aware of the fact will learn many details that are new to them from Herr Pietsch's diligent researches into Goethe's relations with the brotherhood and his Masonic activity. It was on the 13th of January, 1780, at the close of his tour in Switzerland with the Duke Karl August, of Weimar, that the poet first applied for reception, and his application was made to the master of the Lodge "Amalia," Baron von Fritsch, Goethe's special adversary at the Court of Weimar. Herr Pietsch prints the letter of application. In it the poet says that he has been moved to apply for admission into the fraternity in order that by acquiring the title and privileges of a Freemason he may come into closer contact with a number of eminent persons whom he has learnt to esteem. "This social feeling alone," he adds, "has moved me to ask for reception."

As an apprentice, the great poet was most zealous and painstaking in the fulfilment of his duties, and cooperated actively in assisting the needy and distressed, as, for instance, at the conflagration at Gross-Brembach. "Masonic echoes," says Herr Pietsch, are to be detected in all the works written by Goethe after the year 1780, and particularly in his letters to Charlotte von Stein. On the 5th of February, 1782, Goethe and his Sovereign, the Duke Karl August, were admitted at the same time to the degree of Master Mason. Strife afterward arose, and the Lodge "Amalia" was suspended from 1783 to 1808. In 1810 Goethe was nominated master of the lodge; but he declined the honor with so much decision that the offer was not repeated. He frequently officiated, however, as Orator (Redner). On the 23d of June, 1830, he celebrated his fifty years' jubilee as a mason. The address delivered to him by the Lodge "Amalia" on this occasion is printed in its entirety by Herr Pietsch.

IRISH "SMARTNESS."

From London Society.

The respect which the Irish have for their priests does not prevent them from enjoying a joke at their expense. I remember hearing of an instance of a poor girl going to a priest to ask him to unite her to the boy of her choice. The holy man demanded two sovereigns for the accommodation. The girl pleaded hard that she had not so much money; but he was inexorable: two sovereigns he must have.

She was leaving the house in the greatest despondency, when her eye lighted on the priest's cloak hanging on a peg in the hall. A bright thought occurred to her quick Irish mind: she took it down and vanished. Half an hour later she returned with the money, accompanied by her beloved Pat. The priest was now all smiles, performed the service with great goodwill, and bestowed on the happy couple a hearty blessing; and, as they left the church, Kathleen dropped a curtsy, thanked him for his kindness, and presented him with the pawnticket that he might recover his cloak.

The convenient manner in which priests modify the penalties for offences is exemplified in the following story: A poor man came to confession, and what he had to tell was that he had stolen a pig.

"Was it a good pig?" inquired the parish priest.

"Egad, your rivirence, it was an illigant cratur."

"Did it belong to a rich man or to a poor one?"

"O, a very rich man, your rivirence."

"Well, well, that makes a difference. It is not of much consequence; he could afford to lose it. You need only say a few 'Ave Marias' and 'Pater nosters' for a week."

"Thanks, your rivirence; I'll do that."

"By the way, Pat," said the priest, as he was going out, "whom did the pig belong to?"

"Belong to, did you say? Shure, didn't it belong to your rivirence?"

I once asked a somewhat intelligent and very loquacious Irishman whether his countrymen were not thriftless.

"Very, sir," he replied; "it's because they're a nawble-minded people, sir. They're above thinking of thrifles. Shure, isn't it a grand thing for a man when he's 'atin' his breakfast not to know where he'll go for his dinner?"

GOUNOD AT HOME.

From The Figaro.

The author of the "Tribut de Zamora" is a child of Paris. He was born in 1818. In 1839 he won the "Grand Prize" of Rome. The sojourn at Rome did not complete the education of the young musician. Gounod's mind is essentially subjective and susceptible. He came back to Paris with a second nature which even his subsequent sojourn in Germany could not destroy. Indeed, after passing his last training year in Vienna and Munich, his first work was a mass, "Alla Palestrina." Upon his second return to Paris, Gounod brought with him two household gods, Mozart and Beethoven. "Beethoven's genius," he would say, "was grand—Mozart's was high! Beethoven had more power—Mozart more serenity. Mozart is in a paradise—Beethoven is on his way thither. And yet these men are equals!"

Gounod soon obtained the position of a choir master at the Chapel of Foreign Missions, in the Rue du Bac. Here he played the organ and conducted the exercises of four young choristers and a big fat chanter. One fine day his friends learned that he had entered a seminary and donned the cassock. Overcome by the melodious tones of the great organ and by the fumes of burning incense in that little chapel of Foreign Missions, Gounod had dreamt a Christian dream. That dream lasted just a year.

Ponsard, the poet, having asked him for a chorus for his piece "Ulysses," Gounod produced the "Nonne Sanglante." The next libretto submitted to him was adapted from Goethe's Faust. Close upon Faust followed "Philemon and Baucis," an idyl; then came the "Queen of Saba," Gounod's first failure. M. Jouvin, a French journalist who met the composer at Baden-Baden at the time, asked him in a surprised tone why he had come there. "Oh, I am travelling to forget a family loss," was the reply. "Indeed, have you lost a relative?" "Yes, a woman of whom I thought a great deal, whom I dearly loved: the Queen of Saba." To console himself, Gounod went to Italy, then returned to France and composed "Mireille," a score more descriptive than dramatic in nature, which had less success than "Faust." And yet Rossini preferred it to all the other works of the composer.

In 1870 Gounod set up his abode in the land of Shakespeare, and watched from a distance the great French tragedy. After three years of voluntary exile, the illustrious composer finally returned to Paris and brought out "Polyeucte." After that he produced the "Tribut de Zamora." This is not his last work, however. He has since composed a sacred triology which is to be executed at the great festival in London in 1882. It is entitled "The Redemption," the last hymn being on Calvary.

Gounod lives on the Place Malesherbes. His mansion is distinguished rather by the artistic luxury of a celebrated painter's palace in the middle ages than by the austere appearance characteristic of the musical composers of former days. Passing through a valuable picture gallery, the stranger comes to a kind of chapel of spacious dimensions. This is the study of the composer. At the further end stands a church organ, to which is attached a large medallion bearing a dead Christ's head. The large library has a stern appearance. Above it are two reproductions, on a rather large scale, of the two Medicis by Michael Angelo. A great and venerable Bible lays on a long shaped piano. Gounod himself, small in stature, almost disappears in these grandiose surroundings. He is dressed in a velvet sacque coat and wears a Florentine cap. When he rises, however, and speaks, his presence seems to fill the great hall and to animate it. Gounod has not aged much. Indeed, with his cap on—which hides a bald surface covered by a sort of whitish down—the composer appears to be but forty years of age. As to his full beard, it is hardly tinged with gray. His grayish red eyes are sparkling and animated; the point where the light strikes is strongly pronounced, but the fire of the pupil seems to have burnt the eyelashes. When he takes off his cap he grows suddenly old; and as he uncovers himself frequently in the course of conversation, one is finally led to imagine one's self looking at Dr. Faust, with his transformations in turn from youth to age and age to youth.

BY THE PASSAIC.

From "The Poems and Stories of Fitz-James O'Brien" by William Winter.

> Where the river seeks the cover
> Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
> And the slopes are green with clover,
> In the quiet month of May;
> Where the eddies meet and mingle,
> Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
> There I angle,
> There I dangle,
> All the day.
>
> O, 't is sweet to feel the plastic
> Rod, with top and butt elastic,
> Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
> Till, like thistle-down, the fly
> Lightly drops upon the water,
> Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
> As I angle,
> And I dangle,
> Mute and sly.
>
> Then I gently shake the tackle,
> Till the barbed and fatal hackle
> In its tempered jaws shall shackle
> That old trout, so wary grown.
> Now I strike him! joy ecstatic!
> Scouring runs! leaps acrobatic!
> So I angle,
> So I dangle,
> All alone.
>
> Then when grows the sun too fervent,
> And the lurking trouts, observant,
> Say to me, "Your humble servant!
> Now we see your treacherous hook!"
> Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
> Saunters down the pathway slowly,
> While I angle,
> There to dangle
> With her book.
>
> Then somehow the rod reposes,
> And the book no page uncloses;
> But I read the leaves of roses
> That unfold upon her cheek;
> And her small hand, white and tender,
> Rests in mine. Ah! what can send her
> Thus to dangle
> While I angle?
> Cupid, speak!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

TIP, POLL AND KITTY.

From Forest and Stream.

He wasn't a setter, nor a cocker, spaniel, nor a Laverick pup, but a homely, stubbed-tail, cropped-eared, yellow cur, named Tip, but for knowingness and lovingness Tip might take the cup. We had a cat also, and the two not only tolerated each other, but actually enjoyed playing and eating together. One plate of bones did for both, and they lay amicably side by side on the mat. Tip liked to take his walks abroad, and puss stayed at home, but when she heard his bark at the door ran to welcome him. One day his bark didn't bring anyone to let him in, and the cat used her feline wits to some account. The door bell hung a short distance from the floor, and she struck it with her paw. The sound brought me into the entry, and I saw pussy prepared for another strike, while Tip was outside barking his head off. On opening the door Tip rushed in, and they were tearing around the dining-room in high frolic. Don't tell me cats can't put this and that together.

I wonder why music affects dogs in such a mournful manner. If Tip had any sorrow the sound of the piano always seemed to bring it to the surface. We were singing Moody and Sankey the other evening, and Mr. Blowhard, our handsome tenor, was doing his prettiest. Tip sneaked in and sidled up to Mr. Blowhard, who, with his handsome nose toward the ceiling, was in the midst of "There's a land that is fairer than day," when the dog gave a prolonged howl that was enough to make the neighbors shut their doors and windows, and send Tip under the piano with a "ki-i-i," being hastened thereto by a gentle reminder from the tip of Mr. Blowhard's boot. He broke up the concert. I have heard others speak of the same effect of music on dogs.

If Flossie, the cat, loved Tip, she hated Poll Parrot, and we could never keep peace between them. Poll's weapon was her strong beak, and if she wanted a convincing argument she would bite hard enough to draw blood. I've seen Poll perched on the back of a chair, silent and motionless, asleep you would say, but I, knowing her innate ugliness, would be sure she was planning mischief. Kitty would be taking her after-dinner nap by the fire, when Poll would climb down the back of the chair, waddle across the carpet, and grab the end of Kitty's tail. With an angry mew she would dash for the lounge, while Poll would give vent to an amused chuckle, and waddle back to the chair, muttering "Naughty Poll! very naughty Poll!"

Kitty would drop asleep again, and Poll, after watching her from the corner of her eye, would steal down again climb the lounge and get a firm grip of the cat's ear. This would be too much for kitty, and she would rush for the door, while Poll would chuckle harder than ever. But kitty would have her sweet revenge, for Poll was always on hand at dinner-time, perched on the back of a chair, sober as a judge, and waiting for a chicken leg or wish-bone. She would hold the bone with one claw, and look very much as if she was playing on the flute. Now was kitty's chance; she would jump on the seat of the chair and give a little pat with her paw on Poll's breast. Poll's ire would be raised in an instant; her eyes would flash, and dropping the bone, she would go for pussy's ears with her beak, but kitty would jump down, grasp the bone and silently steal away.

You could not make Tip understand he wasn't one of the family, a sharer of joys and sorrows, and perfectly proper to be with us on every occasion. Sundays were trying times for him; if he was not locked up in the house he would be sure to go with us to church, and his mournful face at the parlor window, and dismal whine, would quite haunt us. The Doctor remembered one Sunday morning that the back pantry window was open, but hoping Tip wouldn't find it, gave himself up to the service. But Tip was on the alert, and was out of the pantry window and off for church before service was well begun. A late comer let him into the church, and Tip walked up the broad aisle, smelling at every pew-door as he went along. Talk about perseverance! that dog went slowly up the middle aisle and never missed a seat; crossed at the top and came down the side where we sat near the door.

Of course we were in a cold perspiration, and the Doctor was trying to look oblivious to every earthly consideration and engaged with old Dr. Pentateuch's seventeenthly. But Tip arrived at our door and then his stub of a tail commenced to wag, and we let him in in a hurry to stop any further demonstrations, and his stub would come against the side of a pew like the beat of a drum; the Doctor had to hold it through the rest of the sermon, while all the young girls around giggled instead of keeping their eyes on old Dr. Pentateuch, and the Doctor vowed Tip should be locked in the cellar every Sunday and he would keep the key in his pocket.

PARLIAMENTARY FINES.

From The London Globe.

At one period there was a great difficulty in getting members to attend to their Parliamentary duties, and again and again the House resorted to the expedient of fining those who were late for prayers. On one of these occasions we find a curiously undignified discussion of the question whether or not the Speaker of the House should be fined in the sum of 12d. for his late attendance. It had been decided on a motion of the House that such members as should not come up by 8 and be at prayers should pay a shilling. The very next morning the Speaker himself did not put in an appearance till a quarter to 9.

"The House by this time," says D'Ewes, "was very full at prayers, by reason of the order made yesterday. Sir H. Mildmay, after prayers, stood up and said he was glad to see this good effect of yesterday's order, and said to the Speaker that he did hope that hereafter he would come in time; which made the Speaker throw down 12d. upon the table." Then there seems to have been any number of shillings' worth of discussion over the question as to whether the Speaker could properly be fined, under the circumstances. "I," says D'Ewes, "spake to the order of the House; that the order made yesterday was to fine 'after' prayers, and therefore you (I spake to the Speaker) cannot be subject to pay; and for coming a little after 8, that was no great difference." Mr. Speaker, however, stood upon his dignity, and declined to pocket his 12d., even though the fine had been not fully incurred.